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DAREDEVIL[®]

"Fall from Grace"
prologue



THESE ARE THE FACTS.
AND THEY ARE
INDISPUTABLE.

IT'S JUNE 13, 1963, AND
NEW YORKERS SEARCH
DESPERATELY FOR RELIEF
FROM THE DAY'S STAGNANT
HEAT...

...LEECHING WHAT
LITTLE COOL THEY
CAN FROM THE
SUBWAY'S DANK
CONCRETE.

THERE ARE COLDER
THINGS IN THE
TRANSIT SYSTEM TODAY...

...GOING ABOUT
THEIR BUSINESS
WITH AN ICY, SOUL-
LESS CALM.

THEY DON'T HAVE
PROPER NAMES--

--OR, IF THEY DID, THEY
WERE TOLD TO LEAVE
THEM BACK HOME IN
WASHINGTON.

GRAY MEN AND
WOMEN NOW
ANSWERING ONLY
TO THE TRAIN LINES
MARKING THEIR
ASSIGNMENTS...

...THE DROPPING OF SPECIAL
GLASS CONTAINERS ALONG
VARIOUS ROUTES IN THE
SUBWAY SYSTEM.

"LEXINGTON
AVENUE
EXPRESS."

"BROADWAY
LOCAL."

"BROOKLYN-QUEENS
CROSSTOWN."

AND AGENT EDDIE PASSIM, FORCED THROUGH THE TURNSTILES AT GUNPOINT...

...AND BEING A TELEPATH, KNOWS A BULLET WAITS FOR HIM BACK ABOVE GROUND.

EDDIE READ THAT FACT OUT OF THE BACK OF THE GENERAL'S ICY, SOULLESS MIND.

IT WASN'T NEAR AS BAD AS THERESA BELLWETHER'S SCREAMS...

...THE SCREAMS EDDIE HEARD IN HIS HEAD, EVEN THOUGH THE GENERAL HAD LONG SINCE ORDERED HER VOCAL CORDS CUT OUT--

--AND IT'S THERESA EDDIE HEARS NOW, AS 22 GLOBES SHATTER ACROSS THE LABYRINTHINE TRACKS OF A CITY'S UNDERGROUND.

SHKAAATTEER

THE GAS SPREADING THROUGH THE TUNNELS IS ONLY A SUSPENSION MEDIUM--

--MEANT TO CARRY WHAT WAITS INSIDE THE GLASS EDDIE HOLDS IN TREMBLING HANDS.

IN YEARS TO COME, HE'LL NEVER BE CERTAIN IF HE DECIDED TO PROPE THE LAST CONTAINER TOO SOON, OR IF IT SLIPPED THROUGH HIS FINGERS--

SHKLOOP

--EVEN A TELEPATH CAN'T READ HIS OWN MIND.

KNEES RUBBING RAW AGAINST THE ROUGH METAL BETWEEN THE SUBWAY CARS, EDDIE SAYS A PRAYER OF THANKS EITHER WAY.

AND TRIES NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE NATURE OF TRAINS TO RETURN THE WAY THEY CAME.

IF NOT THIS DAY...

...THEN THE NEXT...

NOW. TODAY.

ST. PATRICK'S RISES
ONLY A FEW STORIES,
BUT ITS SPIRES
STAND FOR A FAR
HIGHER PARAGON...

...SEEMINGLY BEYOND
REACH TO THE MANY
FORCED INTO WHATEVER
IS NECESSARY JUST TO
SURVIVE THE RAW CITY.


AGAINST THAT TIDE
OF HOPELESS
OFFENSE, THEY LOOK
FOR A MORE TANGI-
BLE REDEMPTION.

AND TO BRING IT
DOWN TO THEM,
A MAN WITHOUT
FEAR OF THE
GRIM STREETS
BELOW.

Fall from Grace
~ prologue ~

Temptation

by D.G. CHICHESTER
& SCOTT MCDANIEL
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GOD HAS HAD HIS CHANCE WITH US-- NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO GET IT RIGHT!

IT'S A CHURCH, MAN-- WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF DECENCY?

PLEASE, SON, LET'S TRY AND BE CALM ABOUT--

GET YER SORRY BUTT BACK TO THE SHELTER!

I CAN GIVE YOU CALM, FATHER, GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT!

AND THAT'S A POWER COMING UP FROM WITHIN US-- MAN-- NOT DOWN FROM SOMEWHERE ABOVE!

GET WHAT RIGHT? COOKIN' UP GOOD EATS AT THE SOUP KITCHEN?

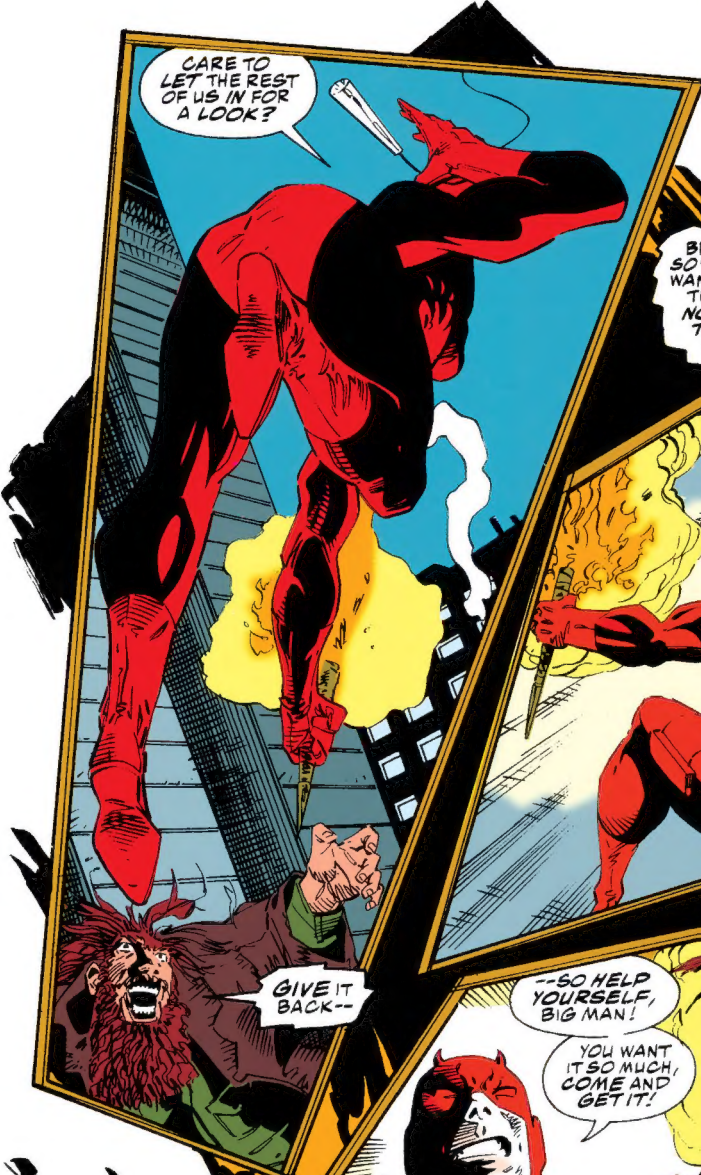
WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO LOOK AWAY ALL THIS HOMELESS TRASH?

STROBING RADAR AND A SENSORY THERMOGRAPH LEAD THE MAN.

YEARS OF TRAINING AND HARD-WON EXPERIENCE GUIDE THE BILLY CLUB.

YOU'RE CONFUSED, SON, TERRIBLY--

DON'T PREACH AT ME, HOLY MAN! I SEE IT ALL CLEAR NOW, INSIDE MY HEAD!



CARE TO
LET THE REST
OF US IN FOR
A LOOK?



--I NEED IT TO
BRING THIS PLACE
DOWN IN FLAMES!

BRING IT DOWN,
SO'S WHEN PEOPLE
WANT TO CHANGE,
THEY DON'T GOT
NOWHERE BUT
THEMSELVES
TO LOOK!

I'M SOMETHING
OF A SELF-HELP
ADVOCATE,
MYSELF--

GIVE IT
BACK--

--SO HELP
YOURSELF,
BIG MAN!

YOU WANT
IT SO MUCH,
COME AND
GET IT!

YOU
MOCKING ME,
MAN?! MEAN THE
MESSAGE?!



YOU CAN'T
STOP WHAT'S
BEEN STARTED,
RED-MAN!



MAYBE NOT--

--BUT
I CAN
REDIRECT
IT!

KRAKK

FWRSSH!

PLEASE,
DAREDEVIL--
DON'T HURT
HIM!

KEEP YOUR
COLLAR ON,
FATHER... THAT'S
NOT MY STYLE.
I WANT TO
HELP.

WHAT'S
YOUR NAME,
FRIEND?

WHY SHOULD
I BE HONEST--
WITH A MAN IN
A MASK?

I DON'T KNOW...
MAYBE BECAUSE
I TOOK THE TIME
TO ASK.

HEH. GOT
ME THERE.
YEAH, YOU
DO.

IT'S JOE...
JOE GETTINGS
JUNIOR.

I WASN'T LOOKING
TO HURT EITHER,
Y'KNOW? I JUST
HAD TO TELL--
EVERYBODY--
THEY DON'T HAVE
TO SETTLE--

--FOR SLEEPING
IN GUTTERS AND
EATING GARBAGE,
WHATEVER--NOT
WHEN THEY CAN
MAKE THEMSELVES
OVER--

--FROM THE INSIDE
OUT! JUST LIKE THE
PICTURES-- THE
PICTURES EDDIE
PUT IN MY HEAD--

IT'S THE TWELFTH TIME DAREDEVIL'S
HEARD THE NAME, FROM AS MANY
TORTURED STREET PEOPLE IN HALF
AS MANY DAYS.

AND ALONG WITH A GROWING
FURY, COMES THE NEED FOR
FORMAL INTRODUCTION.
TO EDDIE.

IT'S NOT SOUTHERN COMFORT
THAT SENDS FOLKS BACK
INTO THE LOUISIANA BAYOU.
IT'S SECRETS.

DARK AND WICKED THINGS
THEY ARE, AND THEIR DEAD-
LIEST MYSTERY IS NEVER
REVEALED UNTIL FAR TOO LATE.

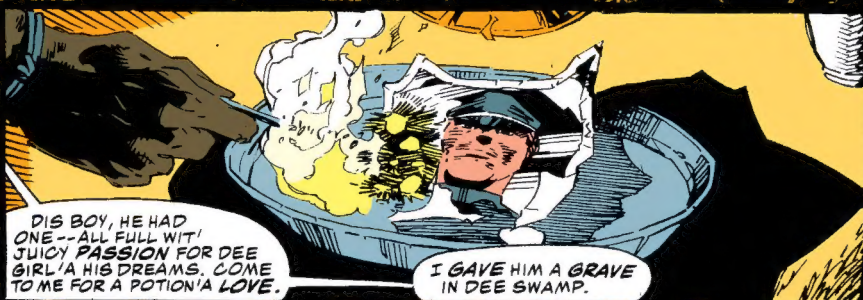
SEE HOW
IT IS HERE...

THAT BEING, WHEN YOU TAKE
HOLD OF A SECRET, IT ALSO
TAKES HOLD OF YOU.

--IN DIS WORLD,
DERE'S ME, AN' DEN
DERE'S GOD!

OR IN
YOUR CASE,
HELLSPAWN,
DEE DEVIL!

I OWN
YOU, BODY AN'
SOUL... IF 'N YOU
HAD ONE, DAT
IS!



DIS BOY, HE HAD
ONE--ALL FULL WIT!
JUICY PASSION FOR DEE
GIRL/A HIS DREAMS. COME
TO ME FOR A POTION/A LOVE.

I GAVE HIM A GRAVE
IN DEE SWAMP.



BUT NOT BEFORE TAKIN'
MY DUE. I LEARNED DEE
PRIVILEGED MILITARY
INFORMATION WORTH A
SIGHT MORE'N MONEY.

I'LL WHISPER
IN YOUR EAR, JUST
LIKE SOLDIER-BOY
DONE IN MINE... HOW
BACK IN '63...

WIT/PAT KINDA
HOODOO, I'LL BE
BIGGER'N OTHER
FOLKS' CURSES AN'
BREWS--WIT/POWER
LIKE DAT, I'M
ANYTHIN' I
WANT!

AN' YOU'LL
TRACK IT
DOWN FOR ME,
HELLSPAWN!



YA SEE
HOW IT IS?

NO, HOGUN...
I'M BLIND AND
I DON'T SEE!

BUT I
SMELL YOUR
FEAR AND
I FEEL
YOUR BONES
CRACK!

I HEAR
DEE ECHO OF
YOUR SCREAMS
AND TASTE
YOUR BLOOD
ON MY LIPS!

TWRAK

I DIDN'T ASK FOR A
LIFE BEING SLAVE TO
ANYONE DANCING A
VODUN CIRCLE AND
CALLING ON BARON
SAMED!

I DIDN'T
ASK FOR LIFE
AT ALL!

I WAS CURSED
INTO ECHOING ONE
WHO WEARS A FALSE
RED-SKIN AND
HORNS!

YOUR SECRET
MAN-MADE
HOODOO MEANS
ESCAPE FROM DIS
OCCULT TRAP!

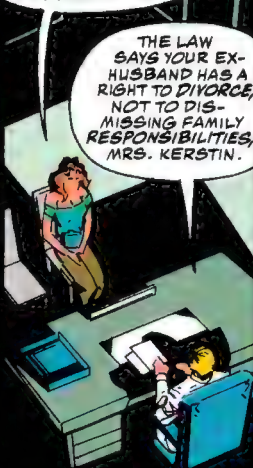
AND DEE
FREEDOM OF DEE
PHYSICAL WORLD
I DESPERATELY
CRAVE...

WORLDWIDE PLAZA, 49TH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE.



"I DON'T KNOW HOW I'D HAVE BEEN WITHOUT YOU, MR. MURDOCK..."

... JACK'S ALWAYS HAD HIS WAY. HE'D HAVE JUST MOVED ON...

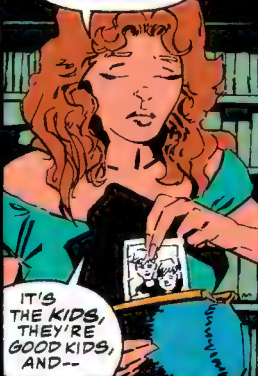


THE LAW SAYS YOUR EX-HUSBAND HAS A RIGHT TO DIVORCE, NOT TO DISMISSING FAMILY RESPONSIBILITIES, MRS. KERSTIN.

I'M SORRY. MAYBE YOU PREFER MS. VARASDI NOW.

I DO. AGAIN.

THE ALIMONY WAS NEVER ABOUT ME.

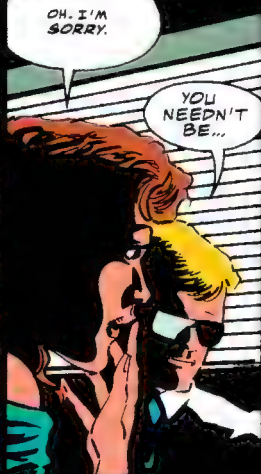


IT'S THE KIDS, THEY'RE GOOD KIDS, AND--

--DID I SHOW YOU THEIR--?

OH, I'M SORRY.

YOU NEEDN'T BE...



HYPERSENSES KEY INTO THE WARM RUSH OF BLOOD BEHIND EMBARRASSMENT AND EMOTION...



... A GENTLE VOICE SOOTHING THE ONE AND SUPPORTING THE OTHER.



... I DON'T NEED EYES TO SEE HOW MUCH THEY MEAN TO YOU.

MATT... SPEAK TO YOU FOR A SEC?



SURE THING, FOGGY. EXCUSE ME...

MRS. KERSTIN THERE...

MS. VARASDI.



WHATEVER. HER LAST CHECK JUST OPENED THE TRAMPOLINE ACT AT WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK.

WE KNEW SHE WAS IN TOUGH TIMES WHEN WE TOOK HER ON, BUT NELSON & MURDOCK HAVE GOT BILLS TOO, PARTNER.



I KNOW, BUDDY...

... I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.

IS THERE A PROBLEM?

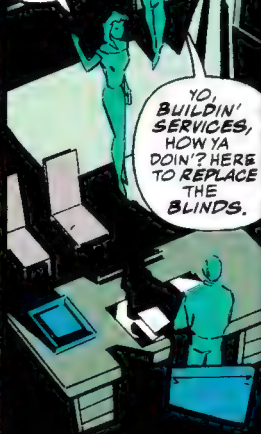


NO...

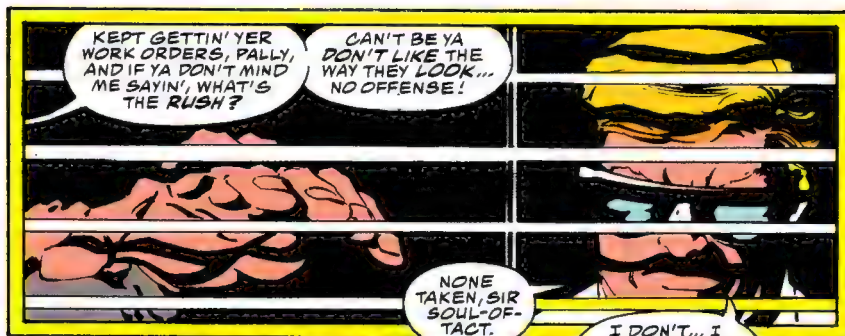
... NO PROBLEM.



THANK YOU AGAIN, MR. MURDOCK!



YO, BUILDIN' SERVICES, HOW YA DOIN'? HERE TO REPLACE THE BLINDS.



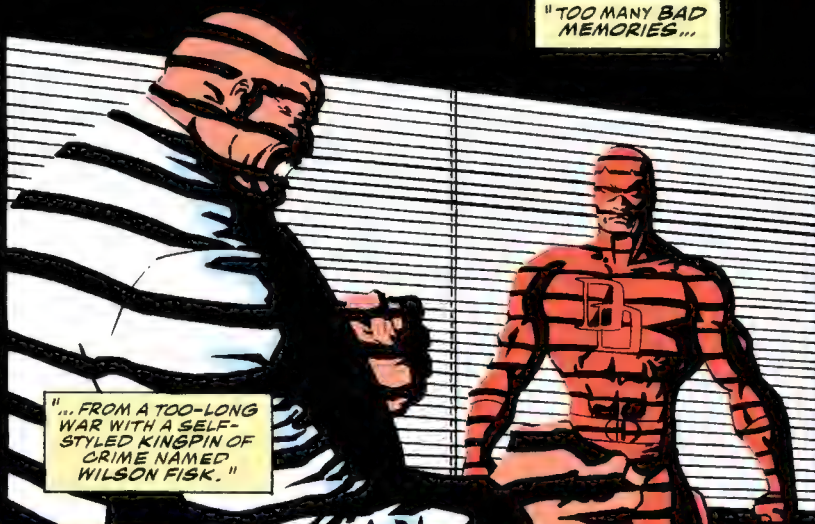
KEPT GETTIN' YER
WORK ORDERS, PALLY,
AND IF YA DON'T MIND
ME SAYIN', WHAT'S
THE RUSH?

CAN'T BE YA
DON'T LIKE THE
WAY THEY LOOK...
NO OFFENSE!

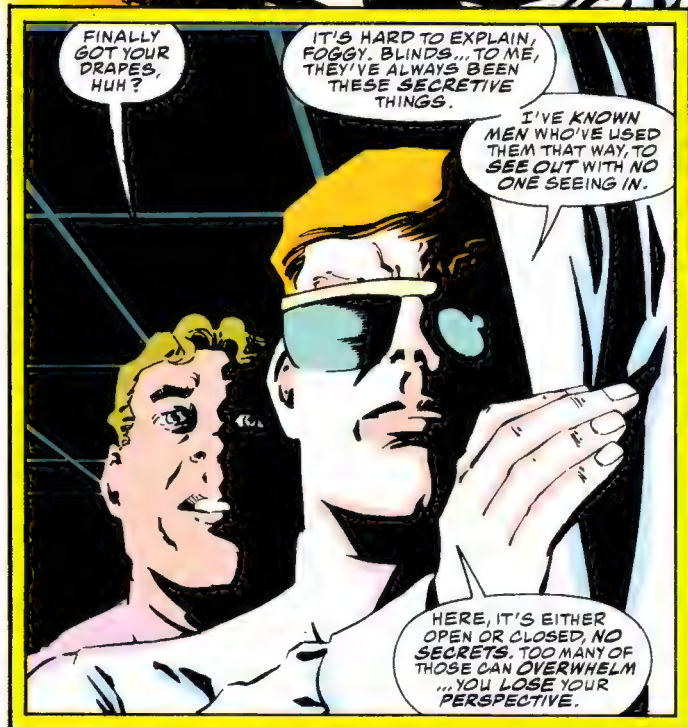
NONE
TAKEN, SIR
SOUL-OF-
TACT.

I DON'T... I
DON'T LIKE THE
WAY THEY FEEL
ON MY FACE. THE
LIGHT.

"TOO MANY BAD
MEMORIES..."



"...FROM A TOO-LONG
WAR WITH A SELF-
STYLED KINGPIN OF
CRIME NAMED
WILSON FISK."



FINALLY
GOT YOUR
DRAPES,
HUH?

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN,
FOGGY. BLINDS... TO ME,
THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN
THESE SECRETIVE
THINGS.

I'VE KNOWN
MEN WHO'VE USED
THEM THAT WAY, TO
SEE OUT WITH NO
ONE SEEING IN.

HERE, IT'S EITHER
OPEN OR CLOSED. NO
SECRETS. TOO MANY OF
THOSE CAN OVERWHELM
...YOU LOSE YOUR
PERSPECTIVE.



I DON'T
WANT THAT,
FOGGY. I DON'T
WANT TO LOSE
TOUCH...

I'M THE PRESIDENT--



--AND I'VE GOT THE BUTTON.



LIFE'S PRETTY EXCELLENT, NOW.

TIME WAS, THOUGH, I WAS A S.H.I.E.L.D. CYBORG NAME OF JOHN GARRETT, AND LIFE WAS PRETTY MUCH EXCREMENT.

I'D USE FOUR-LETTER LANGUAGE, BUT THERE'S A LADY PRESENT.

JUST AS HOT AS THE DEVIL EVER MADE, BY THE NAME OF ELEKTRA.

THE HAND WERE CHOP SUEY NINJAS KOWTOWING TO SOME "BEAST," CASTING VOTES FOR THEIR MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

LIKE KEN WIND BEING DEMOCRAT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH.

ONCE IN OFFICE, HE'D DO THE HAND'S EVIL BIDDING.

ME AND THE SWEET THING HAD OTHER IDEAS THAN A DEMON POSSESSED LIBERAL IN THE WHITE HOUSE--

--AND A BODY COUNT TO BACK UP OUR CONVICTIONS.

I WATCHED OUT FOR HER BACK... AND EVERY OTHER LUSCIOUS CURVE.

SHE WATCHED MINE, TOO.

I'M SURE SHE MEANT TO, ANYWAY.

THE CHEESECAKE KNEW HOW TO DO MORE THAN STOP HEARTBEATS AND START GUYS CHECKING INTO MOTELS WITH HOURLY RATES--

--THERE WAS NINJA HOCUS-FOCUS MIXED IN WITH ALL THAT SIN AND SEXINESS, TOO.



SOUNDS LIKE BALONEY, TELL ME ABOUT IT. BUT FOR A LONG SECOND THERE--



--ME IN HER HEAD, ELEKTRA IN MINE--

--NOT THE ONLY PLACE I WANTED INTO WITH THAT BABE, BUT YOU GOTTA START SOMEWHERE.

ANYWAY, NOW I'M THE PRESIDENT--



S.H.I.E.L.D. SUBSTATION 14 STORAGE-- AUTO- MAINTENANCE ROUTINE IN PROGRESS--



--AND I'VE GOT THE BUTTON.

THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY BUGLE, A GREAT METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER.

FINAL DAILY BUGLE 30c
THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER

INVESTIGATIVE SERIES, '75, FORCED THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT TO COME CLEAN. WHILE EVERYONE ELSE WAS AT WOODSTOCK--

--THEY WERE GASSING THE SUBWAY. SOME DOUBLESPEAK ABOUT TESTING "VULNERABILITY TO NERVE GAS"--

--LIKE ANYONE WHO'S EVER BREATHED WHAT PASSES FOR AIR DOWN THERE WOULD WORRY ABOUT NERVE GAS!

THE LEATHERNECK AT THE TOP, KENKOY, HAD LOTS OF MEDALS AND ASSURANCES IT WAS ALL VERY HARMLESS.

YOU KINDA SEE THE MEDALS IN THE PICTURE... GENERAL KENKOY NEVER DID I.D. EXACTLY WHAT WAS SO HARMLESS, THOUGH.

IT'S STILL A GREAT PIECE OF REPORTING, MR. URICH! IT'S WHAT BEING A JOURNALIST IS ALL ABOUT--

--BREAKING THE BIG STORY!

IF YOU THINK THAT'S IT, SARA, COME UP WITH SOME "ELVIS MATES YET!" HEADLINES FOR THE WEEKLY WORLD NEWS!

THE WAY IT WORKS AT A REAL PAPER IS HOURS--YEARS, MAYBE--OF PUTTING TOGETHER FACTS! THAT'S THE "BIG STORY"!

YOU KNOW TOMORROW'S HEADLINE, STRANG? "MURDER!" MAYBE IT'S YOUR CORPSE--

--BUT MORE LIKELY IT'S MINE, FROM THE CORONARY YOU'RE GIVING ME!

YOU'RE NOT REACTIN' WELL, MR. JAMESON--I SAY, YOU'RE NOT REACTIN' WELL AT ALL!

MAY I CALL YAH JONAH?



I'M NOT AGAINST PUTTING IN THE TIME, I JUST WANT THE PAYOFF--

DON'T LOOK FOR IT TODAY, HARRINGTON. THE PRESS IS ABOUT TO GET BOGGED DOWN IN POLITICS...

YOU CAN CALL MY LAWYER, "COLONEL!" PICKING UP PIECES OF FAT MAN FISK'S LEGIT BUSINESSES IS ONE THING--



THAT'S TRUE, JONAH, M'BOY, TRUE! BUT YAH DON'T OWN THE PRESS-MAN'S UNION, YAH DON'T GET ON WITH THE DRIVERS--

--GETTING YOUR GOOD 'OL BOY CLAWS INTO THE BUGLE IS ANOTHER! THERE ARE NO STOCK GAMES TO PLAY HERE-- I OWN THIS PAPER!

--AN' WITHOUT EITHER ON YOUR SIDE, WHAT YA'LL "OWN" IS ONLY GOOD FOR UNIN' THE CAT BOX!



WHAT IS THIS, JONAH?

SHUT DOWN?! I'VE GOT STORIES ON THIS SYSTEM, JONAH, NEWS THAT'S NOT GOING TO WAIT WHILE--

A TEXAS-SIZED ULCER, BEN... I MAKE CONCESSIONS TO STRANG'S POWER PLAY, OR HE CAUSES MORE GRIEF!

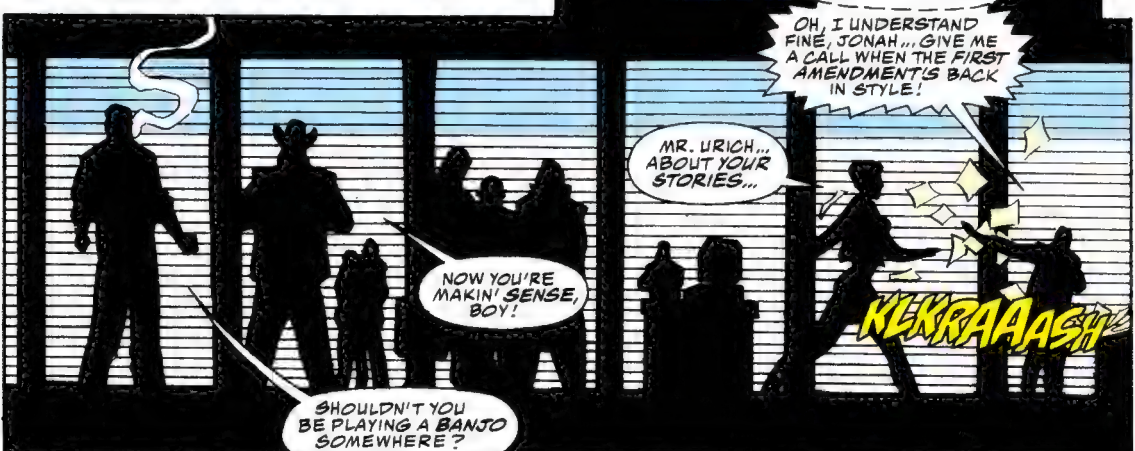
A TEMPORARY SHUTDOWN WILL MAKE HIM THINK HE'S WON AND GIVE ME TIME FOR MY OWN END RUN!



I SAY, THE UNIONS APPRECIATE THE DOLLAR VALUE I CARRY IN MY "GOOD 'OL BOY CLAWS..."

KLIK

A FEW HOURS, BEN, A DAY AT MOST... TRY AND UNDERSTAND...



OH, I UNDERSTAND FINE, JONAH... GIVE ME A CALL WHEN THE FIRST AMENDMENT'S BACK IN STYLE!

MR. URICH... ABOUT YOUR STORIES...

NOW YOU'RE MAKIN' SENSE, BOY!

SHOULDN'T YOU BE PLAYING A BANJO SOMEWHERE?

KLKRAASH

BEHIND ITS WAR MACHINE REP,
THE REALITY OF THE PENTAGON
IS AN OFFICE BUILDING WHERE
MILE-LONG CORRIDORS STRETCH
WIDE AS AN INTERSTATE.

THIS, THEN, WOULD BE
THE BUREAUCRATIC
EQUIVALENT OF ROADKILL.

--INTRUDERS
IN SECTOR 18!
SECURITY NEEDS
BACKUP NOW!

**BRAKA-
BRAKA!**

BULLET-TORN NINJA OF THE
ASSASSIN CULT KNOWN AS THE
HAND DISSOLVE INTO MIST--

--EMPTY COSTUMES FLUTTER-
ING DOWN TO BECOME BURIAL
SHROUDS FOR EVisCERATED MPs.

GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATORS
WILL ASK QUESTIONS FOR
MONTHS, NEVER THINKING TO
LOOK BEYOND THE DISTRACTION--

--WHERE THE ANSWER LIES
IN A DUSTY FILE ROOM.

--THE SNAKEROOT.

NO PLACE IS SAFE
FROM THEIR
INFLUENCE, NOT
WITH OSAKU'S
SKILL FOR
OPENING DOORS.

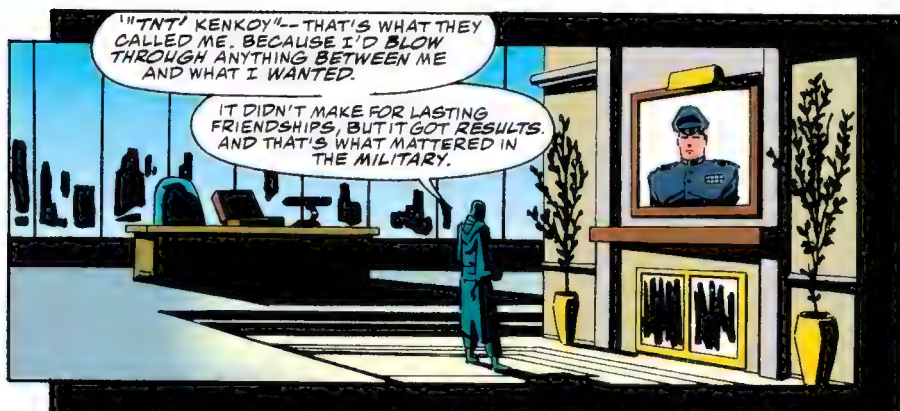
TRACE BACK ALONG
THE HAND'S LETHAL
FINGERS, AND THERE
LURK THE DARKEST
MASTERS OF THE
NINJUTSU--

HE'S BREATHED
SHADOWS
BENEATH A
PRESIDENT'S BED,
RECORDING BLACK-
MAIL OF A REN-
DEZVOUS WITH
A STARLET.

HE'S LED A DICTATOR
TO SAFETY, DIGGING
OUT FROM UNDER AN
INESCAPABLE FIRE-
STORM IN THE DESERT.

ABOUT FACE
**TOP
SECRET**

AND WITH OSAKU'S NEW-
EST KEY, THE SNAKEROOT
THREATENS TO UNLOCK
SECRETS BETTER LEFT DEEP
IN A SUBWAY TUNNEL
TWENTY YEARS PAST...

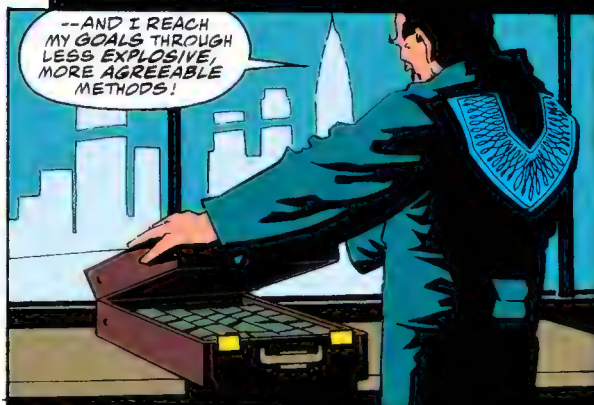


"TNT! KENKOY"-- THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED ME. BECAUSE I'D BLOW THROUGH ANYTHING BETWEEN ME AND WHAT I WANTED.

IT DIDN'T MAKE FOR LASTING FRIENDSHIPS, BUT IT GOT RESULTS. AND THAT'S WHAT MATTERED IN THE MILITARY.



NOW I TRY FOR BOTH! I'M "HARRY-SAN" TO MY FRIENDS AND BUSINESS ASSOCIATES IN THE FAR EAST--



--AND I REACH MY GOALS THROUGH LESS EXPLOSIVE, MORE AGREEABLE METHODS!

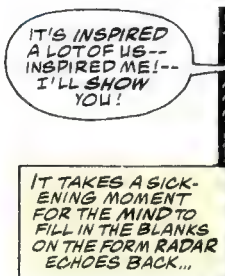
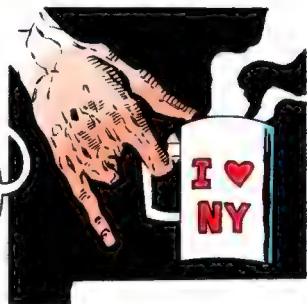
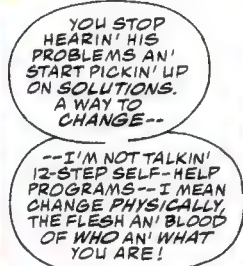
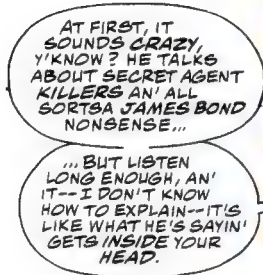
EDDIE'S BEEN LOST TO THE FAMILY FOR YEARS... HE WAS ALWAYS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME.

ALL I HAVE ARE STORIES-- DESTITUTION, LOST AMONG THE HOMELESS-- AND WHAT I NEED IS TO HAVE OUR EDDIE BACK.



WE'LL BRING HIM IN FOR YOU, GENERAL KENKOY.

SILVER SABLE INTERNATIONAL ALWAYS GETS THEIR MAN...



...ENHANCED SENSES
REELING AT THE
STINK OF FESTERING
WOUNDS.

AND THE STENCH OF
MADNESS DRIVING
A MAN TO SELF-
MUTILATION.

I DID
IT ALL BY
MYSELF...

YOU'RE
NOT ON YOUR
OWN, PHIL, NOT
ANYMORE.

AND EDDIE
EITHER COMES
IN FROM THE
COLD TO START
ANSWERING
QUESTIONS...

...OR
HE STARTS
ANSWERING
TO ME...



THERE'S A TEMPTATION TOWARD SAYING, "MATTHEW MICHAEL MURDOCK'S LIFE WILL SOON NEVER BE THE SAME."

BUT THAT WOULD NOT BE ENTIRELY TRUTHFUL.



BIG 10-4 THERE, GOOD BUDDY. HAULIN' AUTOS TO THE BIG APPLE-- AN' THE WAY NEW YORKERS DRIVE, YOU KNOW THERE'S MAKINGS OF A WRECK ON THE HIGHWAY BACK THERE!



HACK ME MYSTORIES OUT OF THE BUGLE'S COMPUTERS AND YOU SCORE BIG POINTS FOR YOURSELF, HARRINGTON!

I AIM TO PLEASE, MR. URICH...



I'M THE PRESIDENT, AND I'VE GOT THE--



I WANT A FULL SWEEP-- SHELTERS, HALFWAY HOUSES, VAGRANT HOTELS --YOU CAN HANDLE THIS, CAN'T YOU, CRIPPLER?

DON'T WORRY YOURSELF, SABLE! I'LL DRAW EDDIE-BOY OUT LIKE A MOTH INTO A FLAMETHROWER!

THAT'S "MOTH TO FLAME."

WHATEVER.



THE SNAKEROOT IS IN YOUR DEBT, SLY OSAKU.

COMMAND HOW ELSE I MAY SERVE, LORD DAITO!

ABOUT FACE
TOP SECRET

GO WITH TEKAGI. BRING US THE UGLY MAN OF METAL AND FLESH, THE ONE NAMED GARRETT...



MORE ACCURATE TO SAY THAT WHEN WHAT HAS BEEN SET IN MOTION IS ENDED, MATT MURDOCK WILL NO LONGER HAVE A LIFE.

EPILOGUE

THE HAND--
WILL NOT BE
STOPPED--

--BY WALLS
OF ICE!


FROM
BEYOND THE
GRAVE--

--HER TALENT
FOR DEATH--

--WILL ONCE
MORE SERVE THE
BEAST--

THWOCK

SPLOOFK



THESE ARE
THE FACTS.

AND THEY ARE
INDISPUTABLE.

NEXT: SILVER SABLE
AND "DESIRE"!